KNAVE

NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER THE AGE OF 18

VOLUME 12 NUMBER 7

75p

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ROGER VADIM: THE MAN HIS FILMS HIS WIVES AND HIS LOVERS

TIM PAGE: PART 2 OF HIS GREATEST VIETNAM PHOTOS

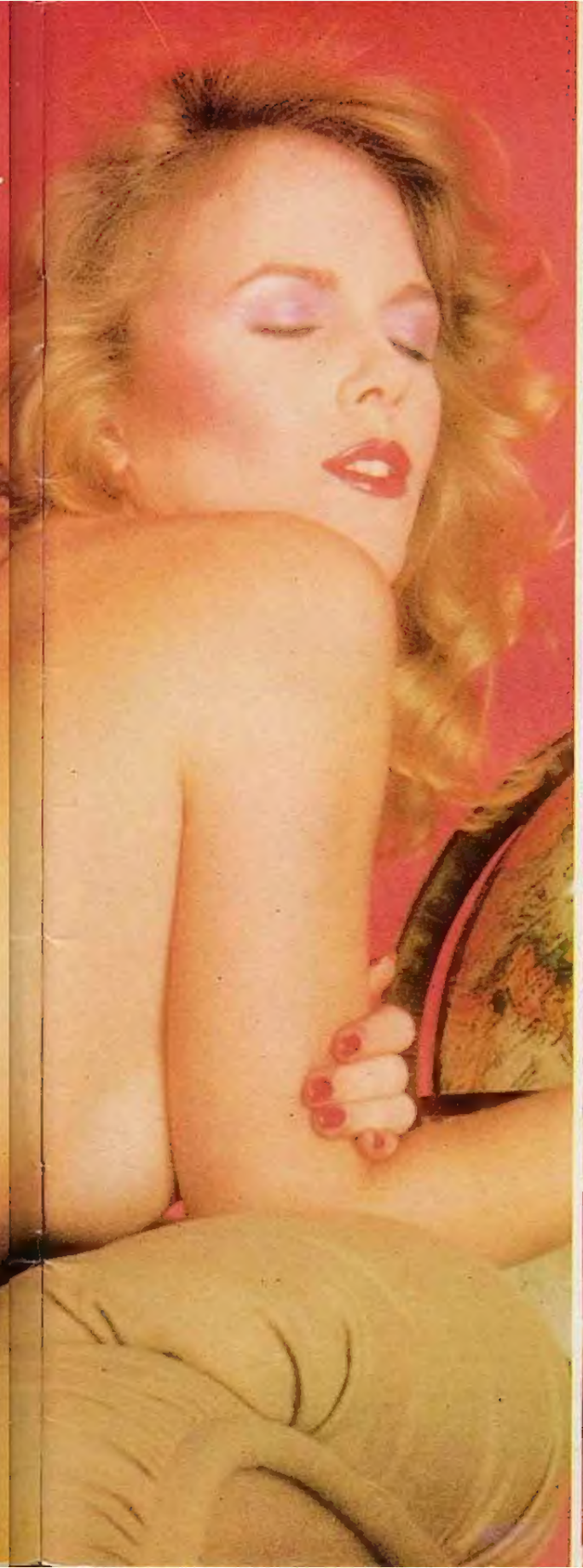
WOMEN IN SPORT: SEX REARS ITS BEAUTIFUL HEAD

PLUS: 5 MORE FABULOUS KNAVE GIRLS

Special! Knave Offers Golf Star Stephanie Jolly £25,000 To Strip Off!

Carmine

Look at those designs created by the spaces between her breasts and draw inspiration from them. All that vivid red behind her, like an unsolved crime, evokes a new, imperishable bliss. No wonder she is called Carmine. Her mother must have been a witch. Imagine that a woman can be summed up in three words and that her smile is the final flourish at the bottom of a ripe invitation card. Don't forget to say to the legs. Delighted but it seems to me I've met you somewhere before.



Photographed by Stephen Hicks

HAN

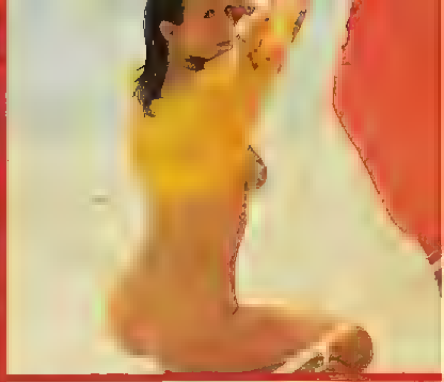
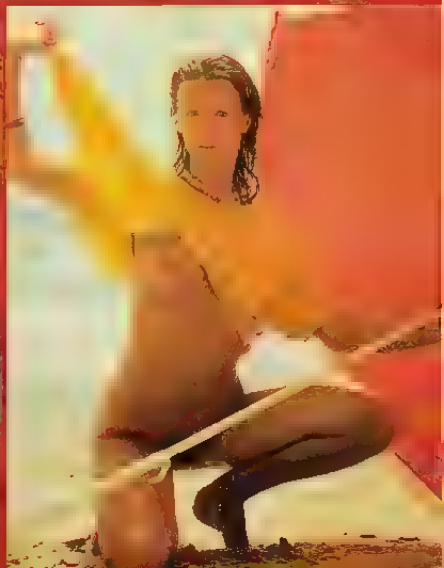
"My name is Han," she says. "I am here to please you." "That's fine," you say. (Your throat is a little dry). "I'll take a bath with you if you wish." "I'd like that," you say, the sound of running water against her dark skin throwing out shapes and echoes.

Photographed by R. B. Kane

"Do you like my body?" She presents it to you as if sleepwalking. Her thighs are installed in your head. Her lips make a moist journey that touches you high up somewhere then drifts right down to your toes. Yes, you say. The answer is yes.

She's right up close to you. Those hard nipples rub against your shirt. That dark hair dances softly in the dimmer switch. "Do you have a light?" she asks you. "Yes", you say, holding out the torch, "I came 9000 miles just to give it to you".

LORRAINE

again, there are
glimpses of her to

neurotic incomprehensible
into the first available ear.
A rare species offering wet,
erotic jewels to the determined
man of means.
MONIKA AND FRIENDS

...erous games occur. If Hemingway had been born a woman, it is likely that... might have maintained this ... careless lifestyle caught, as it were, between the impact of large waves and the various opportunities of sex beside an outboard motor. 60 mph is just a light cruising speed

Monika attracts friends. Day after day, they arrive at her domain, seeking alternatives to boredom and polluted suburbs.
Skin acquires a certain bronze status in Monika's world. Drifting out on a white board, naked, makes surrender an attractive proposition.

Watch Sadie. (She's worth it.) See how she plays. Fast, and a shade on the loose side. Her doll features graze people.

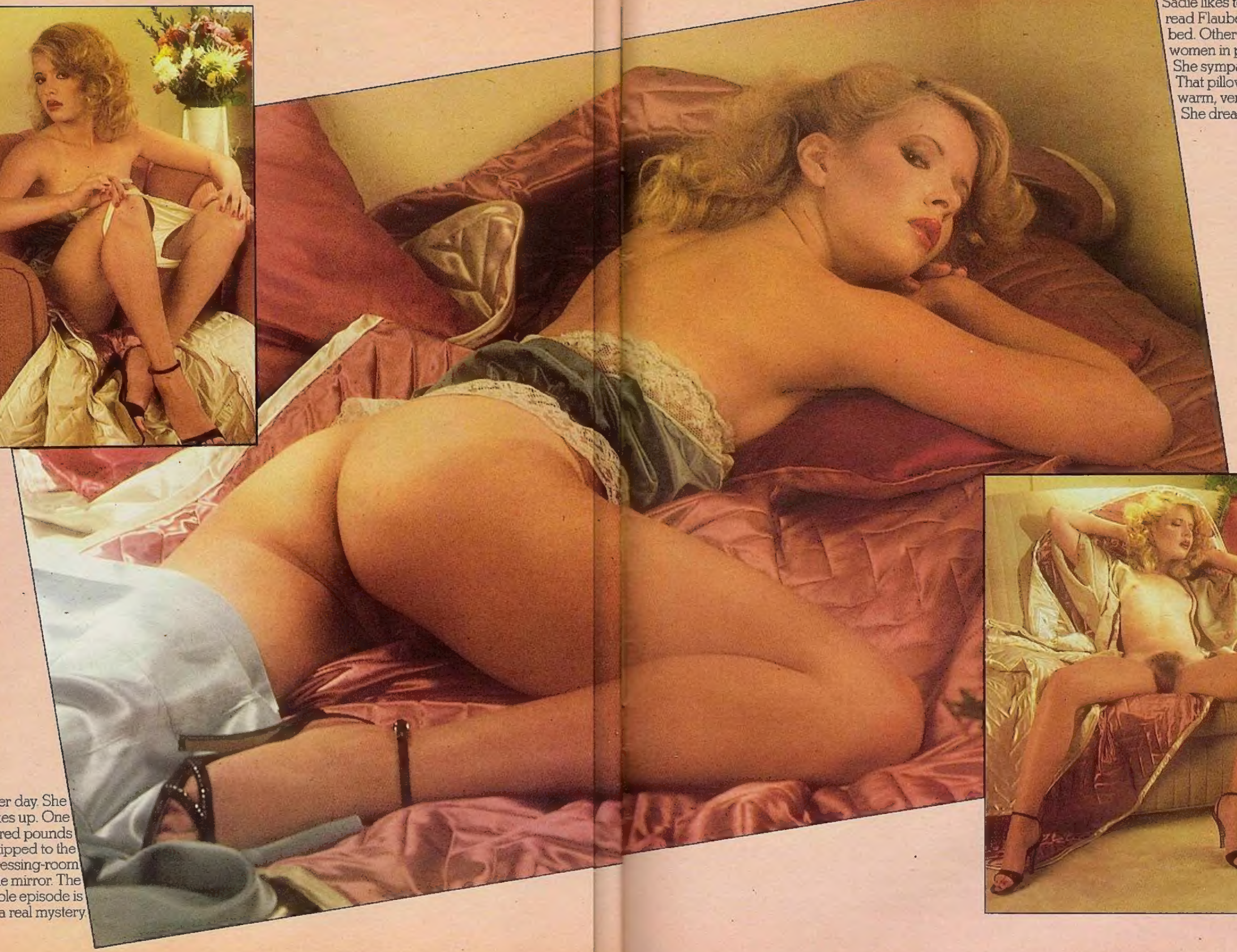
Look at her lips. Quickly they become red light zones, once she's applied a little style with the brush, that is.

Sadie

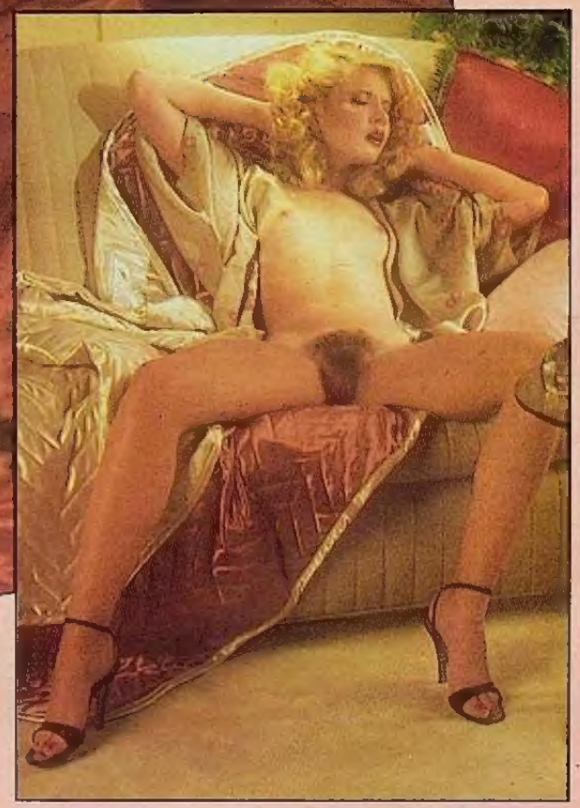
Photographed by Diana Hardy

Take last night, for example. She was in pyjamas and a robe, hair rumpled, face pale, eyes on the telephone. Call me. The idea borrowed a pair of wings from some place. She sat up eventually, tugging the belt on that robe, combing hair back off the forehead with her fingers. Were you there?

Another day. She wakes up. One hundred pounds clipped to the dressing-room table mirror. The whole episode is a real mystery.



Sadie likes to read Flaubert in bed. Other women in pain. She sympathises. That pillow is warm, very deep. She dreams.



Four in the morning. Phone off the hook, mascara smudged, a very vulnerable woman cries out. She is accommodating cat burglars on the late shift.